

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905.

NUMBER 24

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

A Subterranean Romance.

The prospect of meeting a freshly efused snitor, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is fraught with elements of excitement—and possibility. As I drove through a whitened world to Uncle Ambrose's dance, my thoughts were busied with the probabilities of Leonard's presence. I had spent all my waking moments since my return from the South, early the preceding day, in alternately wishing and unwishing him to be there; and had I been trying the case by daisy judgment, I should have kept adding first a negative and then a positive petal until the dimensions of a prize chrysanthemum, at least, would have been reached. Later, trailing down the broad, bright stairs, I came to the final conclusion that I did not at all wish to see him on this occasion—only to have my heart jump a sudden and joyous contradiction as I recognized his approach amidst the merry groups of cousins and kinsfolk. I had decided that if he felt as badly as he ought, a scene of gaiety would be distasteful; yet, on the other hand, I argued, he knew it was more than probable that I should be there. These conflicting cogitations, and a consciousness of the keen eyes around us, gave a somewhat chastened fervor to my greeting. But Leonard was in no mood for subtleties of salutation. With barbarous directness he attacked the intimate theme, making no effort to soften the trying outlines of the situation with the kindly draperies of conventionality.

"But I can't go into it with you here," I expostulated. "I can't discourse on hearts and souls and reasons why in the middle of a ballroom. Besides, I told you all about it in my letter."

"Not all about it, Patience," said Leonard, uncompromisingly; and when he used my proper and dignified name, I knew that he was taking it very hard indeed, for he, and all who knew me well, usually called me "Patsy," modifying the dull enduring virtue into something more befitting my impulsive self. "Even that letter of yours, comprehensive though it was," he continued, "left out one or two important points, and we'll find a suitable spot somewhere and talk it over. No, it cannot be put off, not even until to-morrow; it's too instant and important to me, however postponable it may seem to you."

He led me and my misgivings through mazes of couples lustily two-stepping to the perennial swing of *The Toreador*, out of the glare and the laughter, and down the long, half-deserted corridor, until his searching eye discovered a small recess where a divan, with palms and shaded lights, and the distant faintness of the music, seemed, in their appropriateness, to have been improvised by his desire.

"It's quiet and secluded enough here," his determined voice continued. "Now we can consider the question at closer range than by mail from Palm Beach to New York." His grey eyes were almost black, and his grave face looked strangely changed without the quizzical smile of the old friend whom I had thought I knew so well.

"But I said in my letter—" I began, retreating to my paper defences.

"Confound your letter!" he swept them away. "I beg your pardon," he hurried, contritely, "but when a man has loved a girl like you, Patsy" (he lapsed), "so long and so hard—and when she seems beginning to tolerate him a little, and he gets up enough courage to ask her to marry him—and she puts him off and runs away to Florida with an accommodatingly alluring—and two mortal weeks go by without a word from her, although he writes and writes, in spite of having promised he wouldn't bother her—and at last he gets a letter full of negative psychology and hazy pessimism, ignoring plain facts—he pauses from indignation and breathlessness—'why, then that letter isn't enough by a good deal. And there's considerable explanation, or just one simple statement, that I must hear before I can give you up.'"

"But, Len, why go over the rea-

sions again?" I inquired, plaintively. "It doesn't change them. And it was hard enough for me to write them in the first place"—his hand closed impulsively over my gloved fingers. "But if you must have it said all out in thoughts of one syllable before you can be convinced—then here it is. You remember I wrote I could never marry you because it would have such harmful and demoralizing effects on us both?"

"I'm not likely to forget that sentence," rejoined Len. "It's rather a knock-down sort of thing to say to a man. And although I'm not ever-egotistic, I don't quite see how you make it out."

"Well, you see, because you're fond of me—"

"I'm not fond of you—I love you," he corrected.

"Then, for that reason, you would naturally consider me all right as I am—I should never have to strive for your approval."

"Absurd idea!" scoffed Len. "You're perfection already."

"That's exactly where the trouble lies," I pursued eagerly. "Do you not see that with you feeling like that, there would be no spur to make me live up to my better nature, to try and try to gain your approval—and love? I'd have them already without trying. So the greatest incentive to effort after higher things would be satisfied with my mere, ordinary self, because you would be. And I should just—oh, just sag, and drop into horrid careless ways of mind and soul, and my spiritual possibilities would be perfectly ruined!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Len. "Would my loving you have that effect on you?"

"Inevitably," I continued, with gloom. "And then another reason" checking it off on my little finger. "It would make you so dishonest. If I liked a thing—to do or to have—you would say you liked it, too, just to please me, as you did about going to picture-galleries with me last fall."

"But I liked it immensely. You know how anxious I was to go—"

"Not enough to go with Aunt Louise, you remember; I had her ask you on purpose," and I sadly shook my head at such damaging evidence. "Or else," resuming the main contention, "you would sincerely sacrifice your own tastes and convictions to suit mine—and so lose all individuality, which would be worse. Just look at Cousin Oliver and Phillida, for instance. He used to have a good deal of determination and strength of character, but now, wherever she is concerned, he's simply a mush of concession. And of course he's a nice sort of man, uncommonly nice, but he isn't the St. George, Sir Galahad and Apollo Belvedere that she thinks he is. She has idealized him so that her critical perspective is—oh, absolutely deformed!"

"I think I could stand a lot of idealizing—from you," murmured Len. "While you, Patsy," very softly, "wouldn't need any."

"But it would bore you to the bone, I know, to have me so ridiculous about you. And I should loathe a man who had no mind of his own and agreed with me. I'd rather be bullied," and I looked at him beseechingly.

"Perhaps I could manage even that in time," he returned, with a glimmer of a smile. Then, indignantly: "But what do these preposterous sophistries amount to, Patsy, say it outright—that's an objection I couldn't argue against."

"But that's the point," I maintained, obstinately. "We're so particularly bad for each other on precisely that account—because we do care. Love ought to be a reward—something to work for—"

"And how I have worked for yours!" he exclaimed, intensely. "There would never be any danger of my being sure of it. It would seem so undeserved. I should always be striving to keep it—to object, for all time and eternity!"

"You think so now," with sad superiority, but you wouldn't after you got used to it. And I am afraid," I whispered, with averted eyes. "that I should make it too evident, you would not have to—struggle—much."

Now, in conversations of this kind hands are no real argument,

of course, but their contact is apt to disturb the cold processes of logic, so, to keep mine away from Leonard's tendency to bring them into action, I had busied them with some small shining knobs that enlivened the wall-decorations above the divan. As I made the foregoing impulsive and damaging admission, I nervously fingered these little protuberances with an energy and preoccupation to indicate that my mind was centered upon them alone. But Len, surging tumultuously toward me, captured these industrious members as if I had surrendered.

"No, no," I cried defensively. "I didn't mean that—literally. It was only a—supposition—"

"Then make it a reality, dearest; let us have courage and face these ghostly perils of yours together, and—"

"Oh, Len," I protested, against these imperious methods, looking bravely up at him; "it's impossible. Don't you see—"

But my voice died away in stupefaction, as beyond his eager face I saw, not the cheerful vista, of the brilliant hall that I had looked at a few moments since, but a rectangle of the most appalling and Stygian blackness I had ever gazed into. I jumped to my feet, but stood helplessly before the strange sinking sensation that assailed me.

"Leonard," I gasped, shrinking toward him instinctively, all spiritual complications, forgotten in base material fear, "what has happened? Is it an earthquake—or a landslide?" I was inconsistently glad of his prompt arm around me, as the lights of our recess, in their rose-petaled globes, flickered and died—out into the dark of the doorway.

"Don't be frightened," comforted Len, close to my ear. "I think I can guess what the trouble is. From the sensations, I have an idea that this cozy place that we took for an alcove must be the new electric elevator that Uncle Ambrose has just had put in. I didn't know it by sight, but I seem to recognize the description, for last week when he was telling me about it, he said, 'Wonderful motion, my dear boy—runs itself, absolutely runs itself! And it appears to be running itself into the cellar with us now.'"

A wave of enlightenment broke over my stricken mind. "Then it was—it must have been my fault," I stammered, in contrition; "those little knobs I was poking at when you—don't you remember?—and then right afterward it happened! It's I who have dragged you down, after all," rather hysterically. "But will it crush us to pieces, or blow us up or anything?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Leonard, fervently. But even as he spoke, our cage was shaken by a series of startling shocks, and then struck bottom with a concussion that seemed to send my spine up through the innocent forget-me-nots that wreathed my hair.

"Oh, Len," I whispered, clinging desperately to him in the abysmal gloom, "if anything should happen if you get hurt or killed, I want you always to remember that I do—oh, I do care awfully, and when things get primitive and dreadful like this, those reasons don't seem to count at all."

"Since you've said that, it does not so much matter if I do get hurt or killed," rejoined Leonard, in a voice whose triumph defied the horrors of the unknown. "But I don't think there's any real danger, Patsy, now the thing has landed, he gently reassured me; for I was trembling cravenly, all the disgusting scrunchy details of elevator accidents in the papers rioting lucrily in my mind.

"Out at the dark that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods there be For your indomitable soul!"

I misquoted, with nervous flippancy. "Haven't you any matches in your pocket? That's supposed to be a masculine advantage."

His careful fumbblings were followed by a cheerful unmistakable click. "Five—no six," he announced. "I meant, to refill it, but I was in such a hurry to see you."

"You'd see more of me now, if you had," I murmured, tanglily. "Now don't be reckless with them; they may save our lives."

The wee, pale flame, mitigating the obscurity, showed us the grey cement floor of the cellar just over the sill at our feet, and family indicated furnacepipes in the middle distance. Then the blaze flickered out a little spitefully, as if underground illumination was too much to expect of a feeble instrument made only to ignite tobacco. We stepped out gingerly, but thankfully, upon the safety-spot which it had disclosed.

"Now," said Len, "I'll call, like Goethe, for more light."

"No, no," I contradicted, vehemently. "You mustn't call. To be found together in the cellar like this—it would be too mortifyingly, wretchedly ridiculous. We'd never hear the last of it. No, we'll just find the stairs, and come up into the lower hall, and then to the long corridor and back to the ballroom again, and no one will have the dimmest suspicion of anything unusual."

"Just as you say," assented Len, accommodatingly. "No hurry," said the carpenter. I like it here myself—it's so quiet and select. Only, where does Uncle Ambrose keep his stairs? Oughtn't they naturally to grow near the elevator?"

"They do in shops and hotels, but they might not in cellars—it doesn't always follow, like the little dog."

"The subterranean domestic variety," announced Len, authoritatively, "always prefer corners as a habitat. Anyhow, we'll stalk them on that principle. Now I'll confiscate another match, and you look to the right and I to the left for the shy, elusive things."

"There they are," I cried, as the transient glow rose bravely—"just ahead, close to that big dark thing, and I plunged forward by faith and impulse as the light went out."

Len seized me by the arm. "You mustn't run away by yourself and get lost. It's the first law of the shipwrecked and castaway to keep together." So hand in hand we dared a dozen cautious steps without obstruction—half a dozen more, and I stumbled to my knees in an edgy, sliding mass which testified beyond a doubt that we were in the coalbin.

Len helped me scramble out, and with self-confidence as bruised and shaky as my locomotion, I watched him frugally use up another match, taking latitude and longitude the while. Our next short dash brought us up among barrels of apples and knobby bags of potatoes, tribute from Uncle Ambrose's rural acres to which we could accord bucolic appreciation letter at another time. Our fifth match revealed us framed in the picturesque cobwebby arch of the wine vault, a sally from which ended in such a sudden halt and really unprintable exclamation from Len that I demanded:

"What is it? Burglars?—a mouse?"

"I think, from the feeling, it was the furnace door," in accents milder but still pained; "and the fire is drawing remarkably well."

"You've burned yourself cruelly," I bawled, "and all because I wouldn't let you call for help. Do not try any more experiments in this ghastly hole; just shout and be done with it!"

"And spoil that graceful, unobtrusive *entree* to the ballroom that you're counting on? Not while there's one match or one hope left! It's just possible, however, that, as it's a holiday, Uncle Ambrose has given his stairs a night out."

As our last beacon sizzled down to Len's scorched finger-nails, we slowly realized that certain horizontal spaces, through which we were even then looking, proclaimed a flight of open iron steps under whose very slope we stood. And a belated angel from Jacob's ladder could have been no more rejoiced than I at sight of that tangible connection with the brightness of a world above. But on the lowest step, Len turned and took me closely in his arms.

"Patsy," he besought, "when we get back to light and conventionalities and people, will you feel just the same as you have down here in this blessed darkness, that you do love me and the objections don't count?"

"Len," I spoke bravely although

I could not help the break in my voice, "it's a grovelingly weak and feminine confession to make, but I'd rather have you take care of me and run the risk of my soul sagging all to pieces, than soar to perfection without you!"

And with this seemed satisfied, as we trod the upward path together on the cellar-stairs.

Having been a mole so long, the sudden dazzle of the lighted hall nearly blinded me, and I took but dim cognizance of staring servants and vague furniture, as I walked close beside Len, my blinking eyes half powerless. But I was upheld by the thought that the invisible turbulence of my heart was the only testimony of our unpremeditated sojourn in the lower regions.

We entered the ballroom with elaborate nonchalance, just at the close of a dance, when breathless couples were hunting seats or coolness near the door. As they caught sight of us, such a shout of surprise and derision went up, such jeers and roars of laughter, that my exalted mood changed to very mundane wrath and chagrin. How could they know?—what made them so insolent? But as my eyes, slowly growing used to the light, fell on the long mirrored panel of the wall opposite, I saw the reason all too convincingly. The pale-blue chiffon of my skirt was in tatters, and dragged from girdle to hem with reminders of the coal-bin; one filmy sleeve I must have parted from entirely on some insidious nail, and the bold black prints of a large firm hand were everywhere on my bodice. The blissful smile on Len's dust-dotted features rode triumphant over raiment that a sweep might have discarded; five small, oblong smirches on his shirt-front made me look hastily down at any grimy gloves; while the other half of the same giant colweb that draped my front hair wave jauntily from his close-cut moustache. No announcement was necessary, no attention was accorded to Len's valiant explanations. His words, "elevator," "mistake," "cellar," tossed like flotsam on the tide of glee, while all the flouting crew joined hands and danced madly around us, singing:

"Now you're married, you must obey, You must be true to all you say, You must be kind, you must be good, And make your husband chop the wood!"

"Young man," said Uncle Ambrose, majestically breaking his portly way through the circle of his frolicking nieces and nephews, and twinkling eyes shaking Len's blistered hand, "young man, I'm something of a matchmaker myself, but on the word of a connoisseur, your method has outdone me in depth, grasp and local color. Let me be the first to congratulate you!"

A while after, when we were driving home with calm and cleanliness but partially restored, I told Len that I would have no other wedding melody save "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom." And he, agreeing with me, added that we could never live in an apartment, as we must have a cellar of our own.—*Cosmopolitan*.

Transaction Between Guest and Clerk.

Joe Walsh, night clerk, was a party to a deal the other night which made him \$3 richer and which he is still studying about. It was getting along toward the theater hour when one of the guests of the hotel, came downstairs with his valise, and, after paying his bill, requested that the clerk keep his valise until he came back from the show, as he was going out on a late train. He also pulled a \$5 bill out of his pocket and asked the clerk to change it.

Walsh looked in his cash drawer, but found he did not have it. "Well," said the guest, "just keep the \$5 for security and lend me a dollar."

The clerk did so and the guest departed. He came back about 11 o'clock, and, being in a hurry to catch the train, rushed up to the desk. He threw down four silver dollars and the clerk gave him the \$5. It appeared all right. When the guest had gone Walsh looked over his cash and found himself \$3 ahead.

"Well," said Walsh, after he

had puzzled his head for a while to see how it had happened, "that man needs a bookkeeper. It was lucky for me that he didn't make a mistake the other way."—*Sel*.

Sleeplessness.

All sorts of cures have been invented for sleeplessness, or insomnia, as the physicians call it. Nervines, hypnotics, sedatives and narcotics, physical culture exercises, baths of all descriptions, various kinds of foods, vegetables, etc., are recommended, and all these, no doubt, cure or palliate certain cases.

Yet, in spite of them all, there are a great many people afflicted with sleeplessness, who have settled down to the fact that they must spend a great many nights in useless vigils, if not nervous tantrums.

The writer of this sketch has, since his professional career began, been more or less affected with sleeplessness. This, of course, has called our attention in a special manner to the remedies and devices calculated to procure sleep.

The conclusion we have reached, after many years' experience in the matter, is that sleeplessness, in most cases at least, is the direct result of the manner in which the day is spent.

While pursuing a college course, and deeply engrossed in study, sleeplessness would come on. During vacation, when there was plenty of free, outdoor exercise, the sleeplessness would be relieved.

As soon as an active professional career was begun, sleeplessness began to appear again. But during a vacation, when the mind was free from engrossing care and the body was freely exercised out-of-doors, sleep was sound and refreshing.

There is this about it, then: Those people who are sleepless, and the insomnia has come to be a serious affair, the principal thing to do is to change vocations. Do something else. Secure a new environment. The old habits of thought will soon pass away. New habits will be formed, which are more compatible with sleep. This happens every time, in our case, when it is possible to make a change.

"But," some one will say, "I can't change my vocation. I must stick to the old grind. I know nothing else to do by which I can earn my living."

All right, then, if this be true sleeplessness will be your lot. You cannot hope to remove an effect without removing the cause. You will have periods of sleeplessness. Then you will have a period when you sleep very well, and you will probably imagine that you have discovered some remedy to cure you.

But your old sleeplessness will return again, unless you change your vocation. Then will come a period, longer or shorter, in which little or no sleep can be procured. Frantically trying remedy after remedy, Nature will at last yield to the necessity of sleep, and another period of good sleep will come on. Once more you will think you have discovered a remedy. But once more you will be doomed to disappointment. The cause has not been removed. Sleeplessness remains. It will come back. And so the thing goes on.

We are speaking from experience. We know exactly what we are talking about. By the authority of this experience we declare that insomnia is an incurable condition except a radical change is made in the vocation and environment. Those who have settled down to the fact that they cannot change their environment and vocation, had better settle down to the fact that they will have sleeplessness, then, more or less, to the end of their days. When an action, strenuous mental life has once produced sleeplessness, no one can hope to be restored except by a change in vocation.

Much can be done to palliate. Long walks, taken in the early part of the evening, will help some. Systematic physical culture may prove valuable. But these expedients are simply a partial change in vocation. They are to be recommended, of course. They are vastly better than drugs, but they are not always effective.

Quit taking drugs for sleeplessness. Make yourself physically tired every day, if you can. We have

never known it to fail, after two or three days' tramping in field or woods, that sleep returned.

But when we take up our active professional life again find ourselves confronting the same mental strain and business perplexities, sleepless-follows.

We accept it as the price of the vocation we have chosen. It is a part of the load we must bear. The cure is always at hand, if we were willing to submit to it. The cure is, to let go of this professional work. To turn to some vocation that requires muscular strength and exacts but very little exertion of the mind—this is the cure. There is no other. If it ever happens that we are finally driven to desperation, and can endure the ordeal no longer, we will come back to obedience to Nature's laws in this respect.

In the meantime, with a life of abstemiousness, temperance frugality, and daily exercise, and the avoidance of haste or worry, we expect to get along tolerably well, but not to rid ourselves completely of this serious handicap.

We find ourselves in the curious dilemma of constantly prescribing for others the remedy we will not take ourselves. We might as well be frank about it. We will not take it because we see no way to do so without too great a cost. Better be a victim of sleeplessness and be doing something in the world, than be sleeping soundly every night, and not be of any use in the world!—*Medical Talk*.

Close Calculation.

Extremes touch in commercial eccentricities, and the land of the palm is not so different from that of the pine, in the oddities of its small traders. It was a Canada grocer who owned that it never paid him to keep white sugar.

"If I get a barrel, folks buy it up so fast it's gone in less'n a week," said he. "Don't pay, I tell ye, it don't pay!"

A traveler in the Philippines gives this experience on the Island of Negros. He had gone to the open-air market, where the native women sit squatting in a row, prepared for the long financial arguments that follow the customer's first mention of a price.

"How much?" asked the visitor, pointing to some mangoes.

"Three cents," was the answer. "There were six mangoes in the basket, and the traveller took them all and laid a twenty-cent piece in the seller's lap. But she angrily snatched them back, and also returned the coin.

"They are three cents, if you buy them separately," said she. "If you buy the lot, you will have to pay five cents, for I shall have none to sell to other people."

Empire State Association.

The Officers and Directors of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes have held meetings lately and so far have decided on the place of convention, Elmira, N. Y., August 17th, 18th, 19th, and appointed committees. The list may be found in the advertisement on the fourth page. The officers are making every endeavor to bring this, the twenty-sixth convention, to a successful conclusion, and, judging by the start already made, will not fall short of that end.

The Local Committee appointed for the occasion is an excellent one, and no doubt they will furnish the visiting deaf to the convention city with a program of side attractions and outings that will prove highly enjoyable. As soon as the Local Committee secures a hall hotel rates, etc., and decides on the entertainment part of the convention, announcement will be made.

The Committee on Program is considering that issue and will soon announce how the time of the convention will be taken up.

Altogether there is a bright outlook for a large attendance this summer, and Elmira being on ideal convention city, those who attend will never have cause to regret it.

R. E. MAYNARD, Secretary.

The King of Siam has ordered two electric automobiles from a German firm.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1034 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, and necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

IN answer to the query by the Deaf American "What, in your opinion, is the most desirable thing to be hoped for the American deaf at the present time?" some funny replies are made.

A. R. Spear says: "That they may stop lying and mind their own business," and he is not far wrong if his suggestion refers to some of the deaf.

Alex. J. Pach thinks "the best thing that could happen would be the appointment of a commission to classify and clarify the sign-language, so that the same sign would mean the same thing everywhere. And to bring about the use of signs in the same order as manual speech."

Mr. Pach has suggested a herculean task, if not an impossible one. To have the same sign mean the same thing everywhere, seems beyond the power of mortal man. Take, for instance, the word *gentleman*. In signs it is denoted, by almost every deaf-mute, by a motion as if raising, by the peak, a cap from the head and then opening the hand and bringing the thumb to the breast. At first this latter motion was elaborated by a wiggle of the fingers descriptive of the old-time frilled shirt-front. A *lady* is represented by drawing the thumb down the side of the cheek, to represent the bonnet-string of our great-grandmothers, and adding the latter half of the sign for a *gentleman*.

Both the old-time shirt-frill and bonnet-string are to-day obsolete, but almost everywhere these signs are recognized and used. In some places, the contour of the female form is pictured by motions of the hands to indicate a woman. That sign is the "natural" one, and is never misunderstood; yet, it seems to lack delicacy, and consequently is not much used in this country, although it is universally used by the deaf in Europe. What would you do in this case?

Another thing that militates against any systematic sign reform is the queer signs used by the graduates of pure-oral schools. For, whatever claims may be made by their teachers, the fact still obtrudes itself that the pure-oral school deaf-mute has and uses a gesture language.

Then there is the thoughtless folly of inventing foolish and exaggerated signs by deaf-mutes who know better and could do better. Their grotesqueness gains for such signs quite a wide circulation and following. They can neither be classified nor clarified. What are you going to do about it?

To bring signs into the grammatical order of words, would probably deprive them of much force and not a little beauty. That style would suit the individual who scribbles this, but would hardly give general satisfaction.

The best may to enforce Mr. Pach's suggestion would be to get up night schools and debating societies in all the populous centres, and have a capable and earnest critic on hand to call a halt upon lapses of sign-rectitude.

THE JOURNAL goes to press much earlier than usual this week. News omitted will appear in next issue.

FANWOOD.

The Eighty-Seventh Commencement.

PROGRAM OF THE DAY.

Planting the Class Ivy--Addresses--Essays--The Prize Winners.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Eighty-Seventh Commencement of this school came off Tuesday, June 13th, at three o'clock. The program for the day was as follows:—

MUSIC.

I. Prayer.

II. Address by the President of the Institution, Charles Augustus Stoddard.

III. Exercises by the Pupils, conducted by the Principal, Enoch Henry Currier.

1. Salutatory Address, Winnie L. Clark.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In behalf of the class of '05, I greet you with words of sincere welcome. We are pleased to see you at this the eighty-seventh Commencement of the Institution. From the series of exercises this afternoon you will observe that, though the school is quite old, it is very progressive. We hope the afternoon will be pleasant and profitable to you.

"BOOKS AND READING."

It is chiefly through the reading of good books that we enjoy intercourse with the genius of the past. This invaluable means of communication with superior minds is within the reach of all. The public library has opened the opportunity to all classes equally.

Books are our truest friends. They give to all who faithfully pursue them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. In them great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts and pour their souls into ours. They bring back the voices of the dead and distant, and make us the heirs of past ages.

To the deaf, good books are more than ordinary friends. In reading, silence is no hindrance; it is, on the contrary, the greatest help in reading. Here the deaf are on a perfect equality with other people. When they possess the ability to read, and have a taste and a discrimination in selecting the best authors, reading becomes to them a source of never-ending pleasure.

2. Illustration of Cooking Classes.

MUSIC.

3. Kindergarten Exercises.

(a) Greeting (Oral) by Charles Phillips.
"We welcome you all."

(b) Rosebuds. (Manual.)

The Queen. Margaret Andrews.
"One little, two little, three little rosebuds,
Four little, five little, six little rosebuds,
Seven little, eight little rosebuds,
Smallest ever seen."

First Rosebud. "Sing a song of rosebuds,
On a rosebush green,
Four and four rosebuds,
Smallest ever seen."

Second Rosebud. "When the rosebuds opened,
Four and four in all,
Were there ever sweeter flowers
To offer to the queen?"

(c) The Barn that Jack Built. (Oral.)

This is the barn that Jack built.
This is the cow that lived in the barn that Jack built.
This is the lamb that lived in the barn that Jack built.
This is the dog that lived in the barn that Jack built.
This is the horse that lived in the barn that Jack built.
This is the cat that lived in the barn that Jack built.
This is the rat that lived in the barn that Jack built.

(d) The Color Fairies. (Manual.)

The Queen. "Little Fairy Yellow will you come and say—
What you are doing all the day?"

Fairy Yellow. "Down in the meadow I play all the day,
With daisies, and cowslips, and buttercups gay."

Fairy Violet. "I am on pansy faces who look at the sun,
Then sail away on a cloud when day is done."

Fairy Orange. "Away in the South where the days are so fair,
I paint all the coats of the oranges there."

Fairy Blue. "Way up in the sky and down on the ground,
My color you'll see I have scattered around."

Fairy Red. "I fly to the apple, cherry and peach,
And leave a kiss on the cheek of each."

Fairy Green. "Oh! every day I'm as busy as bees,
With the grasses and ferns and leaves on trees."

The Queen. "When the rain comes down and the sun gives his light,
We all dance in line to make rainbow bright."

(e) An Old-fashioned Country School. (Oral.)

Roll Call.
Annie, Ben,
Martha, Tommy,
Sophia, Sam,
Fanny.

Teacher. "Where is Josie?"
Ben. "I saw him fishing in the river."
[Enter Josie.]
Teacher. "You are late?"
Josie. "Yes."

Teacher. "Stand in the corner!"
Ben stands and reads.
Annie. "I forgot my book."

Josie. "Can I go home, I am sick."
Fanny. "May I brush the slate?"
Ben. "May I get some water?"
Josie. "May I sit by Annie?"
Ben. "Sam is a bad boy. He is making pie."

Teacher. "Open your mouth, Sam."

Teacher. "Sit on the floor."
Tommy. "Can I open the window, I am weary?"

Sophia. "May I have your knife?"
Martha. "Forgive Sam."
Sam. "I will be a good boy."
[Teacher dismisses school.]

(f) The Story of Bread and Butter. (Manual.)

"When grandpa was a little boy like me,
They made bread and butter like this you see."

Farmers. "This is the way they ploughed the fields,
This is the way they planted the wheat.
This is the way they cut the wheat.

"This is the way they threshed the wheat."
"Then the wheat was ground into flour at the mill."

Baker. "And the baker made the flour into bread."

Dairy Maids. "This is the way they skimmed the milk.
This is the way they churned the cream.
This is the way they pressed the butter.
This is the way they made it into cakes."

A Dance. "When work was done They had their fun."

(g) Good-bye. (Manual.)
Good-bye to you!
Good-bye to you!
Good-bye, dear friends!
Good-bye to all!

4. Juvenile Oral Exercises. A Game of Croquet.

5. Military Manual of Arms, by C Company.

6. Art work with the Deaf.
(a) Screen Work. Decorative. Senior Pupils.
(b) Illustration. Primary Pupils.

7. Gymnasium Work with the Deaf.
(a) Scarf Drill. Senior Girls.
(b) Bag Punching. Senior Boys.
(c) Pole Drill. Senior Boys.
(d) Long Horse. Leaders Corps.

(e) Ring Drill. Kindergarten Boys.
(f) Triple Bar Act. Seniors.

8. Essay—"The Influence of the Beautiful," by Valedictory Address, by Paul G. C. Dittmar.

"A thing of beauty is joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."—*Keats*

What is that power that waves its mystic spell around us as we approach a laughing landscape, an exquisite painting, or fine statuary? What is that sense that moves our heart to its very depths as we glance over a lovely object? It is beauty, the sense of the beautiful!

He who has never realized the bliss of its magic touch loses one of Nature's most sublime pleasures, for his faculties, fettered by the chains of a narrow mind, utterly fail to grasp the divine emotion conveyed to his heart through the sense of the beautiful. He cares not when the rising sun sheds his radiant rays over the awakening world; he cares not when the forest resounds with thousands of melodious voices, and when at night he lies down to close another day of his cheerless existence, he cares not to look upon the beauty of the glittering firmament. Yes, cold and dreary would life be were it not for the influence of the beautiful. Sculpture, poetry, music painting, all would lose their charm; genius, bereft of its emotional impulse, would decay, and man's mind shrink back into the first stages of evolution.

Now, what is this power, this sense of the beautiful? Attempts have been made by writers of all ages to define it. It has been the theme of poets and scholars, and its perfect comprehension is the aim of every true student of aesthetics. The works of Ruskin, Winklemann, Keats, and others are all permeated with this one great idea. Edgar Allen Poe speaks of it as "an immortal instinct deep within the spirit of man," which, he continues, "is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above." In us this "appreciation of the beauty before us" is more or less developed according to our standard of ability to intelligently determine the real nature of beauty. It reveals itself in our tastes and views, and depends in a large measure on our mental culture. The more educated a man is and the more refined his tastes, the better will he be qualified to judge. It is the constant training of his faculties which calls forth all that is best in a man, that develops his higher susceptibility and makes him capable of conceiving things in a new light, aloof from the commonplace.

Watch the artist as he goes in search of fitting subject. See his stroll along woods and meadows, and note the rapture with which he views the scenery around him. How alert his eyes are to each new prospect! How they seem to explore every nook and corner, now resting pensively upon the distant panorama, and then again meditating at close range; ever searching and scrutinizing, choosing and rejecting, till, at last, a sudden kindling up in his eyes, an exulting smile on his face, tells us that he has been successful; he has found what most appeals to his sense of the beautiful. Environment is doubtless a greater teacher than many think. A man brought up in a home where refinement and culture have their abode, will be constantly reminded of this by his surroundings. The walls, embellished by gracefully-arranged pictures and ornaments, afford pleasure wherever his sight turns. He becomes interested and feels the desire to exercise his sense for the beautiful by giving his home

the air of his own individuality. Slowly, as the love for beauty becomes firmly established, he creates within himself a habit of judging the world from a more ideal point of view. He has acquired a cultivated taste.

On the other hand, one brought up in desolate slums, inhabited by ignorant, vulgar people, with nothing to stimulate his imagination, will find it difficult to develop this sense, although he may possess a remote idea of what beauty means.

From this it does not follow that one must own the wealth of a Croesus to be able to gratify the desire for beauty. Not at all. Anyone with moderate means can cultivate this aesthetic instinct. This is distinctly an age of beauty. So much is now being done in that direction that there is hardly an excuse for anyone who fails to see the opportunities offered to him. Costly museums and art galleries are erected, magnificent national parks laid out, monuments of a high aesthetic standard adorn our streets and public places, and the cities vie with each other for the coveted honor of being the most attractive city on this globe. A certain sum is granted by Congress for beautifying the Nation's Capital, and there are also numerous private societies that are established with the sole object of educating the people, by bringing them into close contact with the noblest creations of man and thus exercising an elevating influence on the public mind. But even if this were not so, Nature herself has provided more than sufficient means to awaken in us an understanding for the beautiful.

Our earth is nothing but a grand sermon of beauty. Whether in the frosty climes of Norway or the sunny land of Italy; whether on the snow-decked summits of the Alps, or amid the fragrant breezes of Florida, everywhere do we find that "eloquence of beauty" so masterfully described by Bryant in his poems. It is said that the Romans conquered the world with their politics, so did the Greeks with their beauty. The Greeks like no other nation were an idealistic people, and their love for the beautiful found its highest expression in their mythology. Inspired by an ideal conception, they created an art unequalled in its loftiness, purity and harmony. It is evident that such conception is inspiring. The ardent lover of poetry, music, sculpture, in short any art, cannot otherwise than be inspired by the example of his adoration which in itself is simply adoration of the beautiful in that particular art. Without it where would the masterpieces of a Shakespeare, Michel Angelo, or Mozart be! Nor must we overlook the beauty of the human face, especially the female, and its influence on the world's history. The French have a witty adage that runs: "Un beau visage est le plus beau de tous les spectacles," which clearly indicates what the world thinks of the value of a beautiful face.

No less a person than Aristotle called it "the gift of God," and Diogenes said that "personal beauty was a better introduction than any letter," though the more pessimistic Socrates sarcastically called it "a short-lived tyranny." Be that as it may, the fact is that women of great beauty hold a prominent place in history, their lives being intimately connected with certain affairs of the world. It is told of Pericles that his genius was due to the extreme beauty of his wife Aspasia. It was Phryne who inspired Praxiteles to his famous Aphrodite, that is still looked upon as the embodiment of female loveliness. The mighty Caesar as well as the fearless Anthony, unconquerable in battle, trained to face death, were but a plaything in the hands of that beautiful woman on the shores of the Nile—Cleopatra—while a Judith saved her people from destruction by going into the enemies' camp, and, having dazed their general, Holofernes, with her beauty, killed him.

To the Gentlemen of the Board of Directors: A thing may be well thought out and planned, but unless properly directed in its several stages of development, failure is inevitable. This grand school could not have risen to the high position it now holds, had it not been for the wisdom, discretion and determination of purpose with which you advanced its prestige. From the admission of a little deaf child, to the erection of a new building, nothing escapes your watchful attention; neither do you spare trouble and expense where the welfare of the pupils are concerned. Your personal interest in our progress has been demonstrated on various occasions, not to speak of the many acts of generosity with which you endowed us. What we have gained during our stay here will forever remind us of the great good you have worked for us and our fellows. May your noble work continue, and find its reward in the blessing of the Supreme Power.

Beloved Principal, Teachers and Officers: To-day the duty of thanking you, in the name of the graduating class, has fallen to me, yet, though fully realizing the honor of this office, I must confess that I have searched in vain for an expression to describe even vaguely the

feeling of gratitude and sadness which possess us at this moment. Language is too feeble, words are too insignificant, to adequately express what moves our hearts as we extend hands to bid you a last goodbye. But let this same inability be an evidence of the sincerity of our feelings, and also an eloquent, though mute, tribute, of thankful appreciation of your efforts to make us wiser and better. Still what little compensation have we to offer for all your patient love and labor. How poorly can we repay what you have done for us. It was you who taught us of that Great Divine Love, and guided each infant mind in its first attempts to attain to a knowledge of the Eternal Truth. It was you who prepared us physically, mentally, and morally, for the long struggle of life, ever having but one object in mind—our welfare. You exhorted, encouraged, and reproved when it was necessary. You rejoiced when the good results of your teachings manifested itself in our mental growth, and were grieved when in youthful ignorance we heeded not your warning voice but strayed blindly from virtue's path. Even then you forgave us, and led our steps aright again.

Thus have you watched over us as the gardener watches over his plants, and like the fledgling, when, proud of the knowledge obtained from its mother, it flies away into unknown regions, so do we pass from your guidance, with tears in our eyes, love for you in our hearts, and the best wishes for long and continued success. Farewell!

Graduating Classmates and School-mates:—The last act of school-life draws to a close; the curtain falls, and as we turn to gaze uncertainly into the distance, a new scene presents itself to our astonished eyes. Before us lies the open world, with its multitudinous temptations and trials, through which we all have to pass. Many are the ways that lead through the labyrinth of life, and hard may be the struggle to overcome all obstacles, but let us start with foresight and prudence on our journey, ever ready to weigh virtue against shame, truth against falsehood, honor against dishonor. In the mad endeavor to climb higher on the ladder of success we may be overthrown by others more lucky than we and fall, but let not this discourage us, for remember, "our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every-time we fall." Let us have faith in what we undertake and not shrink when Duty demands all our efforts, though Fortune may not always smile upon us.

At the hands of our kind teachers we have received all necessary instruction, that will enable us to lead a useful life. It remains for us to prove whether or not we have been good scholars, worthy of their past solicitous care. If the beautiful precepts they taught us have taken firm root in our hearts, our lives must show it. So let us then part from this beloved place with the best wishes for a prosperous life for each and all. Farewell!

IV. Report of the Annual Examination, by the Chairman of the Committee on Instruction, Dr. Charles A. Leale.

V. Distribution of Certificates and Prizes.

Certificates of good scholarship for the five years' course be awarded to:—William Aunfort, Joseph Boltzer, Harry Barnett, Frank Carley, Abraham L. Chaimowitz, Albert Downs, Bruce Egnor, Grant Egnor, George K. S. Gompers, Joseph Grossman, Moses Neidenberg, Thomas Travers, John Van Tury, Max Weisberg, Mary Addis, Edna N. Bennett, Lillian E. Cerney, Lila H. Drake, Mabel E. Forrest, Edna V. Harrison, Rena W. Hazelton, Sarah Koplowitz, Sophia Kneuppel, Clara Lewis, Delma Pearce, Catharine Pedersen, Sarah Rubien, Olive A. Sprague, Ida Wootton.

Diplomas were awarded as follows:—

FROM EIGHT YEAR COURSE.

MARY A. ACKER
AMELIA NEDER
FANNIE L. BOHART
GOLDIE RUBEN
WINNIE CLARK
MARY TANZAS
ROBERT RAINBIRD, JR.

FROM SUPPLEMENTARY COURSE.

AUGUST MUEHLBACH

FROM HIGH CLASS COURSE.

PAUL G. C. DITTMAR.

The prizes for Shirtmaking were conferred on Sorina Plant and Jennie Brovner.

The prizes for Dressmaking were conferred on Kate Christgau and Clara Lewis.

The prizes for Plain Sewing were conferred on Eveline Skoien and Gertrude Doenges.

The prizes for proficiency in Cooking were awarded as follows:—

Female Class A.—Mary Addis.
Female Class B.—Sarah Prager.
Male Class A.—John Van Tury.
Male Class B.—Harry Jackson.

The prizes for speed and accuracy in typesetting, punctuality and good conduct during the year, originality and taste in job work, and general

knowledge of printing, were awarded as follows:—

First Grade.—Samuel Cohen.
Second Grade.—Jacob Lovitch.
Third Grade.—Max Weisberg.
Fourth Grade.—Henry Scherer.

The prizes for Press work were awarded to—

Division I.—Anton Tanzas.
Division II.—John Heil.

Prizes were given to the pupils of each division for proficiency in their respective trades, viz:—

CARPENTERS.

Morning Division—First Prize, Vernon S. Birc, second prize, Robert L. Rainbird.

Afternoon Division—First prize, Max Kisberg, second prize, Alfred Holzheimer.

TAILORS.

Chas. Hoone.

FLORICULTURE.

Morning Division, Paul G. C. Dittmar; afternoon division, Bruno Dornblut.

From the interest of the bequest made to this Institution by the late Madame Jumel, the following prizes were awarded in the Department of Art:—

SPECIAL ART CLASSES.

Prize for excellence and variety of work—August Muehlbach.

Prize for pen and ink drawing—Mary Tanzas.

Prize for modelling—William Aunfort.

Prize for line drawing—Fred'k Fancher.

Prizes for general excellence—Mildred Wood and Beatrice Woolner.

Prize for color—Albert Downs.
Prize for design—K. White.

SCHOOL ART CLASSES.

SENIOR GRADES.

First prize, Ethel Marie Howe; second prize, Amelia Attig.

Honorable Mention—Vernon S. Birc, Frederick C. Halves, Mendel Rosenberg, Anton Tanzas, Max Hoffman.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

First Prize.—Alfred F. Schoenewaldt.

Second Prize—Sarah Koplowitz.

Third Prize—George K. S. Gompers.

Honorable Mention—Lilia M. Drake, Sarah McKeown, Sarah Rubin, Delma Pearce, Louis H. Kunter, Julius Seandal, William C. Wren, Charles Hoone.

PRIMARY GRADES.

First Prize.—Leon Boroehow.
Second Prize.—Walter E. Kadel.
Third Prize.—John F. Koepfer.

Honorable Mention.—Mary M. Dulany, Susan M. Adcock, Elizabeth Prims, Cecilia A. Gilmour.

The Archibald D. Russell Gold Medals, for highest proficiency in the school of the soldier, were awarded to:—Cadet Sergeant John Agrest, Company A, Cadet Corporal Leopold Frey, Company B, Cadet Hubert Lieberz, Jr., Company C.

The Principal's Gold Medal, for the best drill officer, was awarded to Vernon S. Birc, Captain of Company A.

The medals provided by General George Moore Smith, for marked excellence in Military drill, to:—Cadets Abraham L. Chaimowitz and Joseph Lykes, of Company A, Cadet Sergeant Max Weisberg and Corporal G. K. S. Gompers, of Company B, Cadet Corporal Bruno Dornblut and Cadet Jacob Litcher, of Company C.

The Walter A. Rhodes medal for general excellence in field music, was awarded to Fred'k G. Fancher.

The Demitt Prize, for scholarship and character, to Mary Tanzas.

The Grosvenor Prize, for excellence in the reciprocal use of language and signs, was awarded to Winnie L. Clark.

The Dennistoun Prize, for English Composition, to Paul Dittmar.

The testimonial to be conferred every year, in accordance with the terms of a bequest made to this Institution by the late Harriet Stoner, upon such pupil in this Institution as have never acquired any knowledge of language through the ear, and at the time of graduation shall be found to have attained the highest comparative excellence in character and study, to May A. Acker.

VI. "America," recited in signs.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God I to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we cling:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

TAPS.

VII. Benediction.

PLANTING THE CLASS IVY.

The members of the class of 1905 chose "Onward," as their motto, and Paul G. C. Dittmar as ivy orator. The class ivy was planted on Friday, afternoon, the ninth, with appropriate ceremonies befitting the occasion.

Principal Currier made the opening address, giving excellent advice to those who are to go out into the world. The oration was as follows:—

IVY ORATION.

Dear Principal, Teachers, Graduating Classmates, and Fellow Pupils:—In the shade of these dear old walls we have gathered to plant the ivy as of yore, and while we are about to perform this last honored duty, the pain of parting brings a grievous sadness to our hearts.

The pleasant time of school life is over, its joys irrevocably gone, but the remembrance of it will remain with us forever.

What a sweet retrospection it is when in memory we review all the past scenes so familiar to us.

Behind these same walls we daily met in earnest study or jocular game. As puny little children we came here to be given into the charge of faithful teachers, and smilingly, we now recollect, how, with wondering faces, we were introduced into the mysteries of our first lesson.

Did we not feel proud when, after many a miserable failure, we finally mastered all difficulties, that seemed almost insurmountable, and the road to knowledge, at first so narrow, became broader and smoother? And again how glad we were when we had found someone who understood us, as only a true friend will, and to whom we could confide all our little sorrows.

How swiftly the days went by then, until now we have matured into young men and women with responsibilities crowding upon us. Only a few more days and we enter a new sphere of life, one that is real, grave, and "checked with pleasures and woes," in which we will find ample opportunities to put into action all that our *Alma Mater* has so wisely taught; thus adding our humble share to her already established glory.

The motto "Onward" which we have selected, is a beautiful one, and should be indelibly engraved on every heart; for, what it signifies is something more than to strive for mere gain. To us it means Onward to success and happiness, Onward to the fulfillment of our dearest wishes.

Many years may vanish before this be realized, but Onward, our watchword, is the cherishing ray of hope that looms from the distant horizon of our self-appointed goal. Farewell.

Dr. Fox made a brief address, and was followed by Profs. Jones, Gardner and Burdick.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Lawn Tennis Tournament.

BASE BALL AND TRACK CAPTAINS.

Schedule of Foot Ball Games.

From our Regular Correspondent.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON D. C., June 8.—The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament has been in progress throughout the week, and has divided the time with cramming for the final examinations. The interclass doubles began on Monday, when the 1908 team, composed of McCandless and Earl Mather, met and defeated the Luck pair, Preston and Poshusta, 6-0, 6-3. Immediately following this match came that between 1906, which was represented by Mikesell and Rowse, and 1907, which sent in C. Williams and Binkley. This match went to 1906 by the score of 6-2, 6-2. On Tuesday 1906 met the Ducks, winning the match by the close score of 8-6, 8-6. Then followed 1908 vs 1907, victory going to 1908, 6-1, 6-4. For Wednesday was scheduled first of all the match between 1907 and the ducks, but owing to the sickness of C. Williams and the lack of available subs, 1907 was obliged to withdraw, their opponents winning by default. The last match of the doubles contest, that between 1906-1908 was then commenced. 1906 won the first set 6-4, then lost the next, by the same score reversed. The third and deciding set could not be completed, for the gentle drizzle, which had come on shortly after play was begun, increased to a heavy rain, which necessitated leaving the court with the score standing at 4-1 in favor of '08. The following day, Thursday, cleared up bright and fair, and play was resumed. The Juniors pulled up on their opponents till the score was four all, then lost the next two games, the set going to 1908 by the same score as that of the two preceding, 6-4, and with it the match and the class championship in doubles.

Standing of the Class team:—
W. L.
1908—McCandless and Mather..... 3 0
1907—Mikesell and Rowse..... 2 1
I. C.—Perton and Poshusta..... 2 1
1907—C. Williams and Binkley..... 0 43
*Lost one by default.

On the conclusion of the doubles the championship singles were begun. Holway, '08, beat Underhill, '08, 6-3, 7-5, while Rowse, '06, beat Henry, I. C., 6-0, 6-1. Then Mikesell, '06, beat Poshusta, I. C., 6-2, 6-1, and Mather, '08, beat Proston, I. C., 6-1, 6-1. On Friday Rowse defaulted to Mikesell, and the contest was then narrowed down to Mikesell, '06, the winner of the match between Mather, '08, and Holway, '08, and the winner of the bye match between Reichard, '06, and McCandless, '08, the present champion. Here the contest stands as we write.

On Wednesday, the G. C. A. A. met, as provided by the constitution, to ratify the election of the baseball and track captains for next year. The choice of both teams proved highly acceptable to the association, and their election was ratified without a dissenting voice. William Cooper, '08, will lead the baseball men next year, while J. M. Robertson, '08, will be captain of the track team.

On Friday evening the student bodies of both sides met in the chapel to ratify the election of the newly chosen *Buff and Blue* board of Editors for next year. The entire slate was accepted. It is made up as follows:

Editor-in-Chief—E. M. Rowse, '06.
Associates—Enga C. Anderson, '06,
Thure A. Lindstrom, '06, and
John H. McFarlane, '07.
and the following department editors:
Alumni—Dr. John B. Hotchiss, '79.
Locals—Jona A. Tade, '07, and
Charles A. Malloch, '08.
Exchange—Alice Nicholson, '09.
Athletics—Frank C. Horton, '07.
Business Manager—Robert E. Binkley, '07.
Assistant Business Manager—Odie W. Underhill, '08.

Manager Clark, '06, has by now practically completed the football schedule for 1905. We give it herewith, and let it speak for itself:

Sept. 30—Georgetown, at Georgetown.
Oct. 7—George Washington, at University Park.
Oct. 14—Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park.
Oct. 21—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Blacksburg, Va.
Oct. 28—Western Maryland College, at home.
Nov. 4—Lehigh, at So. Bethlehem, Pa.
Nov. 11—Mt. Washington, at Mt. Washington, Md.
Nov. 18—St. John's College, at home.

Nov. 25—Open.
Nov. 30—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Baltimore, Md.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity will hold its second annual outing on Saturday, June 10th. The objective point is somewhere up the Potomac. A capable commissariat and transportation committee has all the arrangements in charge, and a scrumptious and vibratory time is anticipated. Warned by the hair-breadth escape of certain members of the *Buff and Blue* Board on their outing of last week, the brethren will keep an eye peeled for the red flags, which tell that blasting is being done there or thereabouts, so it is not expected that any brother will be brought home in fragments.

E. Rowse, '05.

Zenoisms.

I have interviewed the writer of the "Tribe of Fools." The occasion was a morning, sobersanguine that, forgetting "moon-struck madness, moping melancholy," one wishes to send chunks of the glorious climate to the readers of the JOURNAL; the reason, a cry from the far-away land, encompassing the mystic city of Council Bluffs, praying for information to thick eye-browed sages and nodding priests alone vouchsafed.

Here are the queries and answers:
"Have you any recollection of sound?"

None whatever. I was told that the last words I heard were: "Do you love me, darling?" My father, thinking I was dying, spoke those words, and I replied: Yes, I love every body;" and then I sank into that comatose state that is the crisis of the fever. I slipped over the dividing line, but of course with the loss of hearing as the price. My mother always read aloud to me out of fairy books, which I afterwards recognized, through pictures, as Grimm's tales and the like. When I was getting well again, she resumed the readings. Hearing nothing, I cried: "Aloud, aloud." She again went through the pantomime of moving her lips, and I cried: "Aloud, aloud." Thinking she was making fun of me, I rose in the bed and, with all of my five-years-old strength, brought the pillow down on her head, much to her dismay and the discomfort of the hairpins. In this way, my deafness was discovered, and my father, weeping, said: "Here is a life wrecked." He died when I was a boy, and on the deathbed, he said: "The boy will be a great man." He was a fond parent. We must be careful not to be unduly extravagant in the use of the word *great*. True greatness is applied to only few men in the whole history of the world. Roosevelt is the greatest average man of America, but we cannot call him great in the true sense of the word.

How did you write "Oh, what sound was there, etc?"

I had to look up accounts of the deaf's memory of sound. The sentence in question was suggested by Prof. Draper. He pressed the button, and my imagination did the rest.

Could you speak when you entered school?

Only one word, "Pussy," as the principal told me. I lost hearing at 5 and was admitted as pupil at 6, but the interval, short as it was, was sufficient to wipe out the whole of my memory of speech. Even now I do not recollect having ever spoken in my life. I, however, have an idea that I would on occasions use speech in my dreams.

Do you claim that the sayings in the "Tribe of Fools" were made by the deaf themselves?

To a large extent, yes. The book is, then, a work of realism?

About so. I have seen a bright deaf woman talk in exactly the same manner as Mrs. Brayton did. Why the inconsistency in Mrs. B.'s statements?

A woman who is never inconsistent, is fit for a dime museum. The changeful moon sheds Random Rays. We, however, must assume that it is a part of wisdom to be occasionally inconsistent.

Why is the advice given to a woman to be cheerful, not also given to a man?

As you had pointed out in the prologue, the speech was delivered by a semi-mute, now a Doctor. Pass the question up to him.

How did you acquire and cultivate reading?

I do not know. I just picked it up. A bird may as well be asked how it acquired and cultivated flying. I would not have taken to reading, if it did not interest me, just as a bird might not care to fly, if it did not find pleasure in the pastime.

Did you write like Clarence, when a boy?

Certainly. This boy's mistakes, however, are an exaggeration, as any teacher can tell you.

Have you any message for Conventions of Teachers?

None. I knew more about many things when I was 21, than I do now. Did you really write a novel, or

is it just a joke gotten up for the occasion?

What is the use of joking, when the writing of several hundred pages of ordinary print, a small part of which you have seen in the *Silent Worker*, cost me so much labor? The "literature" you have been reading, is thirteen years old, the story having been written that long ago. I spent several years in collecting data about the Deaf, before starting the narration. For example, many pages were devoted to oralism, as Clarence was first educated by speech. I am not able to pronounce a word; yet oralism was fully described, with pronunciations of letters and words. For information I had access to that mine of information, the *Annals*. The oralists sometimes use severe methods "to bring out speech." Any one of those methods related by itself, gives you a merely disagreeable impression, but when, in the course of two or three chapters, it is narrated how the boy had to go through the gauntlet of each one of those torments, the story fills the reader with horror, if he does not promptly put the narration down as a baseless fabric of imagination. Yet the descriptions are founded on facts. Clarence is also described as attempting to assign reasons for the numerous phenomena he sees in nature. For that purpose, I made use of the beliefs, notions or conceptions of the deaf, before they were educated; thus rain is the sprinkling of water from a colossal mouth, etc. The *Annals* has a collection of such ideas and, while their authenticity is, in part, open to suspicion, they form a curious psychological study. Religion also goes much into the life of a deaf-mute. As an illustration, I insert a sermon preached by a deaf preacher. Of course I polished the diamond, but the same patience and resignation in the face of misfortune, as taught by the sermon, are being preached very morning in every Institution, as a preparation for another and greater life.

What is the plot of the story?

I will give a mere skeleton of the story. A young deaf-mute named Montague became heir to a large fortune, and, on graduating from the New York Institution, took passage for California, not long after the discovery of gold. On board he, to his surprise, came face to face with a young hearing teacher from the same Institution, named Kingsley, but assuming the name of Briggs, for on the same ship with him was a deaf girl from the High Class, with whom he had run away. Of an easy and unprincipled nature, Briggs ultimately trod the wide path and dragged Montague down by degrees, and they both became professional gamblers. Montague furnished the capital for the opening of the most gorgeous gambling den on the coast, under the name of Briggs and Montague. In the mean time, an elder brother of Briggs, of course Kingsley by name, had come to California some time earlier, and started a school for the deaf, which grew into one of the foremost American Institutions. Thus, while one brother was leading a life of philanthropy, the other unknown to the elder one who had lost traces of him since his disappearance from the New York Institution, was sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of iniquity, both within the same city and within a few blocks of each other.

Briggs eventually died, but before this, he had tired of the deaf girl and deserted her. She gave birth to the boy Clarence and, losing her mind, died in an insane asylum, where she wandered about, repeating forever to herself: "There is nothing more for me, there is nothing more for me." The boy was brought up in an orphan asylum and there he lost his hearing. He was taken to an oral school, and running away, he became a pupil at the sign school. Briggs was the brains of the firm, and on the decease of his partner, Montague failed, and became a wandering gambler. Clarence often saw him come up to the Institution—the same fantastically dressed man, with the same proud and erect carriage and slow steps, and the same strange combination of mental brilliancy and moral degeneracy. The gambler kept track of the boy, and he eventually became so sordid as to extort of Dr. Kingsley's money as the price of silence about the career of his dead brother and the birth of Clarence. In this way, the principal had become aware of the relationship of the boy to himself, and a tender friendship sprang up between him and Clarence, though the boy never knew why. The death of the gambler was described in the *Silent Worker*. The protégé of Dr. Kingsley was also a blind and deaf and dumb girl named Agnes. This gives the opportunity for devoting pages to a description of her education and characteristics. Please remember the story was written thirteen years ago. Clarence was a handsome and manly boy, with long wavy hair, as Mrs. Brayton had intimated. He stood in great awe of Agnes, who seemed to him almost a superhuman being. She would go to him and put her fingers rapidly over his hair and face, and, with laughter, push him away, with the words: "You my handsome boy."

Dr. Kingsley had a laboratory where he made scientific researches that led to the invention of the telephone. Just before he died, Clarence came into the possession of the secret of his birth and he was made heir of the doctor's small fortune and his inventions. Clarence went to Gallaudet College, and Washington became the theater of a great lawsuit, in which Clarence had to defend his rights to the telephone patents. Of course there was a villain to which you can get a clue by consulting the genial peddler, Dr. Pitt's opinion of a certain personage in the novel. Of course a deaf patent lawyer covered himself with glory, and of course the college president, ever faithful to the cause of the deaf, was the cynosure of all eyes, when he dramatically acted as interpreter. Clarence, on graduation, became a teacher at the N. Y. Institution, and by coincidence occupied the same room as his father. This led to the discovery, in secret recesses, of documents that established the legitimacy of his birth. Law dragged with leaden steps, but when the decision of the Supreme Court was handed down, Clarence triumphed. He became immensely rich and, having a taste for art, went to Europe where he became a Paris celebrity. At one "function" he was introduced to a radiantly beautiful young deaf lady who, he was told, was an adopted daughter of a wealthy Westerner. He had an idea that he had seen her before, but where or how he could not tell, of course there was a romance. Let me make an extract from the novel of the scene on the wedding night:

"She came rapidly to me and passed her finger tips lightly over my hair, from eyes and lips, saying 'You my handsome boy.' A flood of memory came over me. My memory disappeared as if under a flashlight. The blind girl who threaded her way through the halls of the old Institution, her angelic face radiating with goodness; the blind girl who I saw many times standing by the side of the principal and feeling of the piano, while the sad and lonesome man cried plaintive music over me; the blind girl who was the wonder of the world, and the storm-centre of countless conventions of teachers! She was standing before me, her sight, the angelic Doctor sitting and sparkling as if they had never known a cloud of blindness on them! I was trembling.

"Angel, angel," cried I. "Are you Agnes, or are you a wanderer from the spirit land?" She put her arm around my neck and drew my lips up to hers and said: "Yes, I am Agnes, and now I see. I rejoice that I am still deaf, that I may possess you, my Clarence! I shall never cease to feast my eyes on your features; you are my life, my joy."

As our impulse, we sank on our knees. With her head against my breast and her face looking up to me, I felt as if an untold peace was hovering over me. The past came fleetly before me. I a friendless orphan boy peddling alphabet cards on the streets. The crafty Mr. Scarab stamping on my feet to extract a cry from my lips which he called "the secret of the deaf." The generous Dan, the proud and unscrupulous Montague, the great-hearted Brayton, answering in his fidelity to duty in its smallest details, the gentle and wonderful companion of my boyhood days. Seemingly another creature, yet the same life-giving Agnes, once blind, now looking kindly down on the daintiest child, and larger life before her! My heart was too full for utterance. "Peace, peace, sustain our feeble footsteps!" thought I, as I impressed on my bride's chastest brow. Kneeling, we silently prayed.

Will the book interest the public?

The writer stroked the beard which ought to have been there, and crystallized a while.

Let us look at the matter squarely in the eyes, replied he. It is no use to be arrogant or unreasonable about one's capacities. Is the personality of a deaf-mute, in the first place, agreeable to a hearing person? I do not know. Suppose a deaf-mute not only understands author craft, but also can talk straight to the heart?

Will a story written by the deaf-mute about the deaf as a class, be any less disagreeable to a hearing reader? I do not know. When the public looks at a statue by a deaf sculptor, it is wholly unaware that it was done by a deaf person. The deaf-mute's personality does not intrude. It is wholly wiped away. Is the same absence possible in writing? As before, I do not know. If, on the other hand, a deaf-mute would cut loose from scenes most familiar to him, and attempt to go over beaten tracks followed by hearing writers, will he succeed? I fear the possibility is too remote. A deaf-mute, given the requisite ability, may do well in scientific researches, for he can do independent thinking and seeking. I have indicated the possibilities and impossibilities. You can take up the thread of speculation. I am done. What do you think?

ZENO.

CHURCH NOTICES.

TRINITY SUNDAY, JUNE 18TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 10:30 A.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Miss Aimee Rouse, of Baltimore, was in town last week. On Tuesday she went to Princeton University, to see her brother, who is a student there.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tweed are rejoicing over a baby girl, born two weeks ago.

OHIO.

A Quiet Little Wedding.

MATRIMONIAL NEWS.

Items of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 363 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

June 7th, 1905.—Pennsylvania and Ohio united, Tuesday, morning, in the marriage of Mr. Wm. Friend and Miss Emma Bard. The service occurred at 9:30 o'clock, in the morning, at the residence of the sister of the bride, with whom she has made her home for many years past. It was a quiet little wedding, no pomp with frills and finery, but all the same happiness shone in the countenances of both. Rev. Wm. S. Eagleson, former superintendent of the Institution, performed the ceremony and at its conclusion, the bride and groom received the sincere congratulations and best wishes of those in attendance. A wedding breakfast, tempting and palatable, was then served, after which a carriage drove up and conveyed the party to the Union Station to take the 11:40 train for Braddock. By the way the party had cause to feel big as it was wheeled to the depot. In fact, all eyes were attracted toward the vehicle, for the hubs and spokes of the wheels were festooned with red, white and blue paper rope, and then the back of the carriage carried a little box similarly decorated, and bearing this: "We are just married, Ha Ha!" The usual shower of rice and old shoes followed the party as it left the house. The bride was the recipient of many nice useful and substantial tokens from friends. On reaching Braddock, they were to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Collins S. Sawhill. Later in the season, they will make a longer honeymoon. The bride received her education at the Institution here, leaving school in 1883, and has been employed in the State bindery most of the time. She is bright and vivacious.

Mr. Friend is a product of the Philadelphia School, leaving there in 1874, and has been employed in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, one of the largest in the country, for twenty-eight years, which is sufficient proof that he is a good worker. He was a widower, his first wife having died some two years ago, and the tragic death of one of his sons on the railroad track while going to his work, is still fresh. The following were at the wedding: Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Bard and children, of Findlay; Mr. and Mrs. Kingry and daughters, of Grove City; Alonzo Kingry, of Grove City; Mr. and Mrs. John Young, of Morgan's; Harry J. Bard, of Findlay, and the following of Columbus: Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Siegart, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Bard, C. W. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mrs. Harry E. Bard, Mrs. Emma C. Howell, Mrs. Adeline Ricketts, Mrs. Lewis Peters, Mrs. Eliza J. Bard, Misses Bertha Dresbach, Annie Stocker, Annie Rodman, Mae Vale and Grace Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Friend will be at home, 514 Stoke Avenue, Braddock, Pa.

The following announcement was made Wednesday: "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Bertha Gildersleeve, to Mr. Charles Grosvenor Bond, Tuesday evening, June twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and five, at eight o'clock, at the Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio. Reception at half after eight o'clock."

Mr. Ernest W. Craig and bride, nee Miss Blanche D. Greene, who were married to-day in Chicago, will arrive in Columbus to-morrow morning, and be guests of friends for several days. Cards are out for a function for them, Friday evening, given and in their honor by Miss Alla Artz Zell.

Those here who received invitations to the wedding, combined and forwarded to the bride, a solid silver bread plate handsomely designed.

Rev. A. W. Mann preached the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class, Sunday, taking for his text I. Cor. 13: 2—"Finally, brethren, farewell. Isaiah 30: 21—"This is the way." He gave the class some good advice to aid them in their struggles after leaving school. In the forenoon he conducted a service for the deaf at Trinity Church, which was largely attended.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer is to hold a service, Friday evening, this week, at the same place. He is on his way to Indianapolis to attend the reunion of the deaf of the state, which will be the last in the present building, as the place has been sold, and new buildings are to be erected further out of the city.

Miss Tina Schwertman, educated at Fanwood, was visitor at the institution here Sunday. She formerly

lived in Cincinnati but now resides in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stottler were down from Cleveland Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lynn.

The Independents went over to Springfield, Saturday, in charge of Mr. Neutzling and played the champions. They were champions indeed for the Independents, the score being in their favor 9 to 2. It is a professional club, and hence their good play. On the train home (Big 4), the Independents found a good friend in Mr. Maloney, the conductor of the train, who can talk by fingers and signs as well as any deaf-mute. He made it interesting for them on the trip.

After getting down to 300 feet and still no water except of the sulphurous kind, the drivers have moved their machinery over on the girls' side and will endeavor to strike a vein there. Final examinations for the year began Wednesday and will be completed Friday, so every body is busy these closing days, not counting the packing of trunks and a hundred other little things consequent upon the closing of a big school like this.

A. B. G.

ST. LOUIS.

The annual anniversary supper with which St. Thomas Mission celebrates its organization was held on the 27th, and proved to be the best ever had, both in enjoyment and in receipts. The Mission Committee, especially the ladies, deserve much praise for the way they worked to make the affair a success.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden, with the aid of their many friends, recently celebrated the silver anniversary of their wedding. The occasion was celebrated with a reception at their home. By previous arrangement all gifts consisted of a silver dollar. Charles Wolff presented his in a box of silver paper, surrounded by six dolls representing the children, and the dollar-lying in the midst of twenty-five white carnations. A good time was had by all.

A surprise party was given on the 4th to Mr. Wooten, in honor of his birthday. After the host had recovered, Mr. Schaub, in his usual versatile style, gave the reasons for the intrusion, to which Mr. Wooten responded thanking his friends for the honor. A handsome clock and paper rack were then unwrapped and presented. The time went quickly with games and laughter, and the party broke up at a late hour.

At a recent raffle for a picture of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet with Alice Cogswell, under the auspices of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, Miss Mooney, and not Miss Schum, was the fortunate winner.

The stork recently visited the homes of Messrs. and Mesdames Wessel and Klegman, to their delight and gratification.

Mr. Rodenberger is trying to get up a party to go to the Illinois reunion at Jacksonville. Over fifteen of this city have decided to go and take it in.

Charles Wolff is going around bidding his friends good bye, as he intends starting for New York on June 11th.

The Gallaudet Union will hold its annual picnic on the 17th, at Preister's Park, in Illinois. Special trolley cars will leave the St. Louis end of the bridge at 9:30 A.M. Tickets can be secured at the bridge or from the committee in charge of the affair. A fine time is assured.

S.

MR. E. SOUWEINE BADLY HURT.

On Friday afternoon, about two o'clock, Mr. E. Souweine, the deaf engraver, while crossing Center Street, was run into by one of the patrol wagons of the Fire Department, which was driven at a furious rate of speed.

One of his legs run over, just below the knee, and he was knocked down with fearful violence, causing three gashes in his head and bruising his body terribly.

He was carried by two policemen to a corner store, and an ambulance surgeon dressed his wounds, after which he was brought home in a carriage by his brother.

As soon as he reached home, the family doctor re-dressed the wounds, and he was put to bed.

At the present writing he is doing as well as can be expected, but it will take several weeks to bring back his strength and activity.

Mr. Souweine is Treasurer of the League of Elect Surds and a member of the Executive Committee of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. A couple of hours after he was injured, he was visited by a member of the Emergency Committee of the League of Elect Surds, and since then many members of both organizations have called.

To Mrs. Melville, mother of Howard Melville, who is a neighbor, Mr. Souweine is very grateful, as she proved herself a veritable Florence Nightingale.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll with ten pupils of the Lexington Avenue School, went to West Point last Saturday.

Friends of Miss Emma V. Reed will regret to learn that her mother died, during the month of march.

PHILADELPHIA.

Additional Receipts for the Home.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

A Few News Items.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

According to the rules of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, the Treasurer of the Society is required to close his books on June 30th, of each year. He then makes out his annual report to be printed and presented to the Society at its coming convention in the Summer.

It means then that all Local Branches or other persons, who have money collected and desire to have it reported to the Convention, should send it to the Treasurer before July 1st. As there is most likely some such money waiting, we think it well to give this notice now so that the money can be sent in time for the present year report.

The Treasurer reports the following recent receipts:

Received from Wm. McKinney, Treasurer, Philadelphia Local Branch, the following sums:

Penny-a-Punch Cards\$36 76
Donations through Harry F. Smith:

Rev. Chas. R. Erdman 2 50
Mrs. B. F. Meehling 1 00
Miss Anna R. Dougherty ... 1 00
Balance Y. M. C. A. Entertainment..... 7 00
Proceeds of Lectures..... 8 65
Cost of Photograph, donated by J. M. Rolshouse..... 25

\$57 16

From Chas. Bradbury, of Allentown Local Branch:

Penny-a-Punch Cards through Harry W. Peter:

Miss Louisa Geiger..... \$1 00
Andrew J. Sullivan 1 00
Moses Foster..... 3 00

\$5 00

Through Mrs. Abe Richman:

Miss Ida S. Kemmerer..... \$1 00
Miss Nellie Jones..... 1 00
Patrick Kelleher..... 1 00
Clifton Keefe..... 2 00
Thomas Williams..... 1 00
Abe Richman..... 1 00
Mrs. A. Richman..... 1 00

\$8 00

Through the following collectors:

Samuel Price..... \$1 62
Eddie Litenberger..... 1 00
George W. Andreas..... 16
Oliver N. Krause..... 2 00

\$4 78

Lecture and sale of refreshments..... \$6 46

Through F. A. Leitner, of Pittsburgh Local Branch:

Additional Bazaar Proceeds.....\$14 50
Proceeds of Lecture..... 11 00

\$25 50

(This Branch also reports that it sent direct to the Home Treasurer other Bazaar proceeds, amounting to \$37.86)

Received from C. O. Hackman, Pine Grove, Pa., donation for the Home.. \$1 00

From Rev. C. O. Dantzer, offerings of deaf, at Grace Church, Mt. Airy. \$2 05

From Chas. Partington, Commission on sales of photographs, to be credited to the Allentown Local Branch..... \$1 55

Total of recent receipts... \$111 50
Additional sent to Home Treasurer..... 37 86

\$149 36

Mr. Andrew Donaldson, of Pittsburgh, has the honor of sending in the first P. S. A. D. membership fee for the term of 1905-06.

Miss Lou. H. Little returned from New York on Tuesday, and is now busy with the needle and thread.

Mrs. Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville and formerly of this city, is reported to be seriously ill.

The Mt. Airy Institution will hold its closing exercises on June 21st, in Wissinoming Chapel.

The June quarterly business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association is held this Thursday evening (8th of June.)

The Gallaudet Club will meet at the home of Mr. Geo. T. Sanders on Saturday evening, June 10th.

It is said that one hundred deaf or more live in the Twenty-fifth Ward in this city or in the north-eastern section. The ward has many mills a number of which employ deaf.

Miss Mary E. Taylor has gone to West Chester for the Summer.

Woman's Fall Splits Her Adam's Apple.

REMARKABLE ACCIDENT DEPRIVES MRS. MARGARET DALE JACKSON, POPULAR AUTHORESS, OF SPEECH—STUMBLED OVER TRUNK.

NEW YORK, May 24.—Margaret Dale Jackson, the authoress, is suffering from an extraordinary and well-nigh fatal accident which befell her late last Thursday night at her home, No. 220 West One-Hundred-and-Seventh street.

Her Adam's apple was split through a fall against a window sill. Her vocal chords were loosened.

There were symptoms of paralysis at first, and it was feared her skull was fractured at the base. This was found not to be the case, but when she recovered her senses she found she had lost her power of speech. It was only yesterday that she became able even to whisper. It will not be known for a week whether she will ever recover the speaking voice.

Once in a long while a pugilist's Adam's apple is split by a blow, but outside the prize ring such an accident is extremely rare.

STUMBLED OVER TRUNK.

She stumbled over the trunk. As she fell forward her jaw was brought into contact with the window sill with such force as to force the larynx up, thereby splitting it and loosening the vocal chords.

The mother-in-law heard the noise of the fall and ran in. She found Mrs. Jackson unconscious on the floor. A porter ran after Dr. Jackson, who had just gone out, and he and Dr. Bingham worked over the patient all night. She could not speak, and complained of great pain in her Adam's apple. Gradually the symptoms of paralysis passed away.

Dr. Jackson said last night that his wife has sat up yesterday for the first time and had become able to

whisper. "It was a narrow escape from death," he said. "If the injury is permanent she will never be able to talk again. We hope for the best."

Margaret Dale Jackson is an English woman, but has lived in New York for years. Among her works are "A Daughter of the Pitt" and "The Horseleech's Daughter." Recently she brought out "When Love is King." Her books have had a large sale.

Why He Waited for the Sunset.

The Horn. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the house of representatives, says that one day while leisurely driving down a road near his home town in Mississippi he observed a darkey reclining under a tree near the roadside.

The negro was gazing lazily up through the branches of the tree, and a hoe lay beside him. In the cornfield adjoining the road there could be seen, Mr. Williams states, many weeds impeding the growth of the grain, which the retired worker calmly ignored.

"What are you doing there, Sam?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I see heah to hoe dat corn, sah," was the answer.

"Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?"

"Not exactly, sah. I ain't restin' 'cause I ain't tired. I'm waitin' fo' de sun to go down, so I kin quit work."—Search-Light.

BUFFALO.

RUBBER AND PAPER SOCIAL AND LAWN FETE, under the auspices of the De Sales Literary Society, will be held at 125 Edward Street, on Saturday evening, June 17th. Admission, 25 cents. Prizes will be given to those who bring the most rubbers and papers. The affair is under the direction of Chairman Leo Knittel.

TWELFTH ANNUAL

Picnic & Games

OF THE

N. J. Deaf-Mutes' Society

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 8, '05

[Particulars later.]

Annual Picnic and Festival

BY THE

BROOKLYN CLUB

Saturday, August 26th

Grand Street Park

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[Particulars later.]

PATENTS

promptly obtained OR NO FEE. Trade-Marks, Copyrights, and Labels registered. **TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE.** Highest references. Read model, sketch or photo, for free report on patentability. All business confidential. **HAND-BOOK FREE.** Explains everything. Tells how to obtain and sell patents. What inventors will pay. How to get a partner, explains latest mechanical movements, and contains 200 or more subjects of importance to inventors. Address: **H. B. WILLSON & CO.,** Patent Attorneys, Box 63, Willson Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

That's **NOT** Any Time
via
Reading Route
NEW JERSEY CENTRAL
TO PHILADELPHIA.
"A Train Every Hour."
Direct to COACHES AND
Reading Terminal. PARLOR CARS
LATEST DESIGN.

THE Crestwood Press

LOUIS A. COHEN, Prop.

HIGH GRADE PRINTING

Full Count Prompt Delivery Clean Work Lowest Rates

1412 Fifth Avenue
Bet. 115th and 116th Sts.
NEW YORK

Commercial and Stationery Work a specialty.

A Strawberry Festival

to be given by the

BROOKLYN GUILD

(of Deaf-Mutes)

AT

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL
Adelphi St., near DeKalb Ave.

Thursday Evening,
June 15th, 1905

At 7:30 o'clock.

Admission, (including refreshments) 25cts.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
Deaf-Mutes' Journal
ONLY
\$1 a Year.

Nobody at St. Louis

should be without

PACH'S Souvenir Groups

Banquet Group

Illinois Group

French Government Building Group

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00

EACH

Sent prepaid on receipt of price

Alex L. Pach

935 Broadway, New York

St. Louis Congress Photographs.

(OFFICIAL.)

1. World's Congress, (11x14) \$1.25
2. Gallaudet Alumni, " 1.25
3. Missouri Convention, " 1.25
4. Illinois Convention, " 1.00
5. Indiana Delegation, " 1.25
6. Grand Ball, " 1.25
7. Columbus, O., Re-Union, 1.25

Printed on highly finished bromide paper.

Get one or more souvenirs of the greatest and grandest Congress ever held.

Mailed to any part of the world upon receipt of price.

George F. Flick,

Official Photographer,

1017 W. HOPKINS AVE.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book
Job and
Commercial
Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name,	35
100 " " "	60
200 " " "	1.00
50 Cards, without name	25
100 " " "	40
250 " " "	1.00

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets).	40
100 " " "	60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

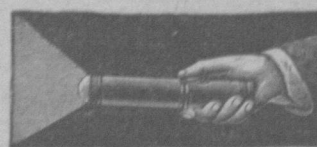
THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.

The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
GRANGE, MASS.
28 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga.,
St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.
FOR SALE BY

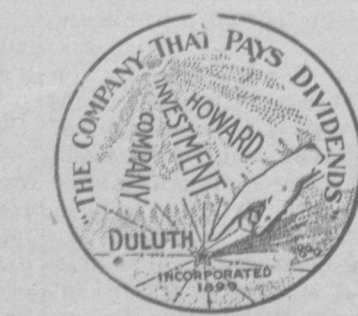
ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.



Electric Flash Lights.

Electric Vest Pocket Searchlight,.....	85 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
Electric Flash Lights,.....	1.50 to 2.00
Electric Searl Pin Lights,.....	1.50 and 2.00
Electrically Lighted Candles,.....	1.50 to 2.00
Electric Bicycle Lights,.....	1.50 to 4.00
Electric Gas Lighters,.....	2.00
Electric Head Reflecting Lights,.....	3.00 to 5.00
Electric Candle Lights,.....	2.00
Electric Home Lights,.....	3.00
Electric Head Reflecting Lights,.....	3.00 to 5.00
Electric Physicians' Pocket Sets,.....	3.50 to 5.00
Electric Cigar Lighters,.....	3.00 and 4.00
Electric Watchman's Lanterns,.....	5.00
Electric Ruby Lamps for Photographer,.....	5.00 and 3.50
Electric Head Reflecting Lights,.....	1.50 to 2.50
Electric Walking Cane,.....	5.00 to 6.00
Palo Cocks (Wonder of the new century),.....	5.00 to 8.50
Electric Burglar Alarm for the protection of travellers,.....	3.00

W. E. Shaw, Electrician,
Room 33 1140 Columbus Ave.,
BOSTON MASS.



OUR GROWTH.

CAPITAL STOCK

(Paid In.)

July 1, 1899, (at organization).....	\$12,500
January 1, 1900.....	25,000
July 1, 1900.....	35,000
January 1, 1901.....	50,550
July 1, 1901.....	32,950
January 1, 1902.....	33,200
July 1, 1902.....	39,175
January 1, 1903.....	40,425
July 1, 1903.....	48,600
January 1, 1904.....	49,875
July 1, 1904.....	55,550
January 1, 1905.....	55,800

THE DIVIDENDS WE HAVE PAID

January 1, 1900.....	\$414 81
July 1, 1900.....	694 48
Jan'y 1, 1901, Regular Dividend.....	738 75
July 1, 1901, Extra Dividend.....	559 10
January 1, 1902.....	807 01
July 1, 1902.....	826 90
January 1, 1903.....	977 26
July 1, 1903.....	1,075 46
January 1, 1904.....	1,238 70
July 1, 1904.....	1,363 06
January 20, 1904, Extra Dividend.....	2,935 00
July 1, 1904.....	1,908 01
January 1, 1905.....	1,406 27
	\$14,450 75

We Offer:

1. A safe investment for savings.
2. An inducement to save.

For information, address

JAY COOKER HOWARD, Sec'y,
Duluth, Minn.



CYKO Photo Paper

Prints at Night

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c. for one dozen 4 x 5 size with developer.

THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.
122 & 124 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash CHICAGO.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer,
Lincoln National Bank,
Forty-second Street, East,
New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York
The Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church
The Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Church
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 35 West 54th Street
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 21 West 4th Street
Mr. William E. Stiger, 128 West 73d Street
Mr. J. Van Vechten Olcott, 33 West 72d Street
Mr. William G. Davis, 22 East 45th Street
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, 45 Exchange Place
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 43d Street
Mr. John H. Washburn, 119 Broadway
Mr. H. H. Cammann, 51 Liberty Street

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 32 West 8th Street
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 120 West 8th Street
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York

WHERE do you spend the Summer?

"TRY THE SIMPLE LIFE."



Oak Mount Farm, Woodward and Cook, Prop's.

In the famous Pine Belt of New Jersey. (An ideal place for the Deaf.)

What about the boy during vacation?

SUMMER SCHOOL AND CAMP FOR BOYS

Physical Training, Boating, Bathing, Fishing.

Tutoring under competent Instructors.

Write for Booklets.

N. Y. City Office **T. C. COOK,**
2105 Seventh Avenue.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL

Afternoon and Evening

OUTING AND SUMMERNIGHT FESTIVAL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The League of Elect Surds

COSMOPOLITAN PARK,
169th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

Saturday, August 5, 1905

[PARTICULARS LATER]

New Church Paper

Keep in touch with Church and Mission Work Among the Deaf, by subscribing for

The Silent Church

EDITED BY JOHN H. KEISER

The JUNE issue will contain special articles about Grace Mission in Baltimore, with a sketch of the Rev. O. J. Whildin.

A monthly paper devoted to Church affairs and Mission Work Among the Deaf.

Subscription price, 50 cents a year, in advance; single copies, 5 cents.

Address all communications to office of publisher
EDWARD C. ELSWORTH,
239 W. 138TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONVENTION

OF THE

EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION

(OF DEAF-MUTES)

ELMIRA, N. Y.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
August 17th, 18th, 19th.

LOCAL COMMITTEE

FRANK MURRAY, Chairman,
HENRY H. SKINNER,
WILLIS H. DENISON,
MORRIS H. KNOX.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM

EDWIN A. HODGSON,
JOHN F. O'BRIEN,
R. E. MAYNARD.

[PARTICULARS WILL BE GIVEN LATER]

EDWIN A. HODGSON, President.

ROBERT E. MAYNARD, Secretary,

20 TERRACE PL., YONKERS, N. Y.

Address all communications to the Secretary.